The Camden Journal.

VOL. XLIX. CAMDEN, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1890. NO. 7.

IN THE NIGHT WATCHES.

Sleep visits not my eyelids; yet I rest
In a content more deep than any sleep;
Nay, rapt in joy my vigil here I keep,
With trembling hands clasped to my eager breast.

For one I love, after long hours of pain,
Sleeps near me now. Think you that I could sleep,
Though needless now the vigil that I keep,
With the dread lifted from my heart and brain?

Think you that I would sleep?—would be beguiled,
Cheated, of this my joy? Nay, let me fast
From sleep through long, glad hours, to hear at last
The low, soft breathing of my ailing child.

—*Alice Wellington Rollins, in the Century.*

A MATCH PREVENTED.

BY S. A. WEISS.

A group of five persons was collected on the broad, vine-shaded porch of the old Vaden mansion.

There was Josie, the acknowledged mistress of the house, plump and laughing eyed, though with a dignity befitting her position; and her brother Tom, lounging on the top step in cool linen home neglige; and their aunt, Mrs. Bascomb, from the city, fanning herself in a cane rocker, while her pretty daughter Cora wound a skein of silk, held for her by a very nice-looking young man.

This was Mr. Mayhew, a great-nephew of Mrs. Bascomb's late husband—in which relation lay his misfortune, since that lady, being on principle strenuously opposed to the intermarriage of "cousins," had, on that ground alone, for a whole year objected to his union with her daughter.

She was a little worried now at his presence in Covington, though, as that village was in summer overrun with visitors fond of scenery and trout fishing, there was no reason why Mr. Mayhew should not have come with the rest for his August vacation.

They all had been talking and laughing over the private theatricals in which, last winter, when Josie was on a visit to her aunt, she and Mr. Mayhew had signally distinguished themselves; but now a sudden silence fell upon the party, and Mr. Mayhew was surprised to observe a shadow on the faces of all—even of Tom, on whose freckled countenance nature seemed to have stamped a perennial grin.

Glancing around, he could discern no cause for this sudden change, unless it might be the appearance on the lawn of a mild-looking old gentleman and a slim and vivacious lady of perhaps thirty.

Mr. Mayhew ventured to inquire of Tom who they were.

"One is Uncle Joseph," replied that young man, with characteristic frankness, "and the other—the lady—is the Widow Chamberlain, our future aunt-in-law. They're an engaged young couple."

All three ladies glanced reproachfully at him, but only Josie spoke:

"I don't see, Tom, how you can speak so lightly of what is really so distressing to us all. One would imagine that you had no feeling for poor, dear Uncle Joseph."

"Why?" said Mayhew, puzzled. "I should think Mr. Vaden was to be congratulated.

Josie, who, in the conviction that her aunt would have to "give in" some time as regarded Mr. Mayhew, already looked upon him as one of the family, spoke out, unreservedly:

"If she cared for him, it would be an altogether different thing. But it is his money that she wants, as everybody but himself can see."

"Does she reside in Covington?"

"She resides wherever she finds it most convenient—with her relatives, or at boarding houses. Naturally she wishes a home of her own, and it seems that this place of uncle's just suits her taste."

"She was here at the hotel last summer," Tom drawled, "fishing for Herring."

"Herring? Trout you mean."

"I mean Captain Paul Herring, the richest bachelor in Covington. But he wasn't as fresh a fish as she thought him, and wouldn't bite, so this summer she came back to angle for Uncle Joseph. She's got him on the grass now."

"Tom!" said Josie, severely.

"What could my poor, dear, innocent-minded brother be expected to do against the wiles and cunning of such a woman?" said Mrs. Bascomb, deprecatingly. "Of course it isn't his money that we care for, since we are all independent of any disposition that he may see fit to make of it; but it is dreadful to think of his marrying this heartless woman, and being made miserable for the rest of his life."

"And our home has been such a happy one," said Josie, with tears in her eyes. "She will have her own way and alter everything to suit herself, and it will hardly be a home to him any more."

"Couldn't you get him to break the engagement?" Mayhew inquired, sympathetically.

"We have warned him of her mercenary views," Mrs. Bascomb replied, "but it is of no use. I can see that he is not happy, and that he really secretly regrets having been led by his sympathy for her affected loneliness and interest in himself, to offer her a home and his hand; but he considers himself bound in honor by his engagement."

"And if he broke it," Tom put in, "she would sue for breach of promise. It would take a pile of ten or twenty thousand one-dollar notes to plaster and heal her lacerated heart."

"The only chance for him," said Josie, "is for some richer suitor to present himself. In that case she would make nothing of throwing over uncle."

"It isn't likely that such a chance will offer," said Mrs. Bascomb.

And then, after a moment's silence, she added, with much feeling:

"I don't see that anything whatever can be done. And yet I would give half of all I possess, or do anything in the world for the person who would break off this match!"

Cora, having finished winding her silk, had stepped into the house to put it away. Her lover took a seat near Mrs. Bascomb.

"If I break off your brother's match," he said, "may I rely upon the promise you have just made?"

"Certainly," she answered, "though I don't expect that you will ever be able to claim it."

"I call upon you, Miss Josie and Tom, to be witnesses to the bargain."

"Why, how do you propose to proceed!" inquired Josie.

"I played the rich creole lover to you last winter. Why should I not act it as well now to—to any lady who can herself play a part?"

Josie clasped her hands in delight, and Tom's classic countenance was illumined with a smile which displayed the whole of an irreproachable set of teeth.

"Oh, if you would! And we will all help you! And how fortunate that nobody here knows you! And oh, what a blessing it will be to everybody! and what fun!" Josie excitedly exclaimed.

"But remember, young people, there must be no fibbing."

"Certainly not, Aunt Maria! The plain, unvarished truth is all that we shall need."

"Hist!" said Tom, tragically. "She comes."

Obeying a signal from Josie, Mayhew disappeared into the house.

The widow came up the steps, all smiles, bangs and fluttering ribbons.

"I have left Mr. Vaden at the gate talking to Doctor James," she simpered. "We have been criticising the appearance of the house, and I suggested that this old-fashioned porch and the gabled roof be removed, and a Grecian portico and mansard substituted. Don't you agree that it would be a great improvement?"

Mrs. Bascomb flushed, and an angry reply was on her lips, but she checked herself.

"I think it would," said Tom gravely. "Especially if there's a Gothic bow-window, and a tower or Chinese pagoda or something on the roof to afford a better view. Won't it, Joe?"

"It will make little difference to me," replied his sister, "as I don't expect to live here always."

"Indeed?" said the widow, with interest, delighted at the idea of getting rid of Mr. Vaden's favorite niece. "May I presume that there is another person concerned, Miss Josephine?"

"I—really I haven't quite made up my mind," she replied, looking down and trying to blush.

"You'll have to, pretty soon," blurted out Tom. "What is he here for, I'd like to know, if it isn't to persuade somebody to say yes?"

Mrs. Bascomb caught his side-glance and winced a little, while the widow inquired:

"What! is he in Covington?"

"Came to-day," said Tom, chewing a straw. "When Josie was at Aunt Maria's last winter, he was a constant visitor, and everybody could see how things stood. I knew that he would turn up here some time."

"For shame, Tom!" said Josie, giggling. "Mr. Mayhew's a very nice gentleman, but it isn't at all certain that I shall ever marry him. People might say I was marrying for money, and that would make me feel real mean."

The widow glanced sharply at her, but she did not raise her eyes from the flowers.

"So this beau of your sister's is rich?" she inqured.

"I should think so—rather! I heard Judge Fellows, who introduced him to Aunt Maria, telling her about him, and the judge is a man whose word is to be relied on. He said the gentleman had just come in possession of an immense fortune—a cotton plantation on the Mississippi worth a million of dollars, and valuable real estate in Spain, besides owning an interest in the great gold mines of—what was the name, Aunt Maria?"

"Bubbleazoo!" replied Mrs. Bascomb, coughing behind her fan.

It was with difficulty that she and Josie could repress a smile, for Tom was relating what had actually occurred in the play of "The Creole Lover."

"Uncle Joseph," resumed Tom, "thinks himself very well off; but what is his property compared with Mr. Mayhew's? And you ought to see his diamond solitaire ring and studs! Why, if he were presented at court in them, they'd make Queen Victoria stare."

"Oh, nonsense, Tom!" said Josie. "You exaggerate everything. Mr. Mayhew never makes a vulgar display of his diamonds, and to see what a polite, unassuming young man he is, no one would imagine him to be so rich."

Next evening Mrs. Chamberlain was introduced to Mr. Mayhew, who appeared in the diamond ring and studs mentioned by Tom.

He was evidently impressed with the lively and coquettish widow, and she was very gracious, their acquaintance thenceforth progressed rapidly.

Josie began to look a little sullen, and when Mrs. Chamberlain paid her usual daily visits to the house, she found herself, as she thought, not very cordially received by the girls.

She artfully teased Josie about "her beau," and inquired when the wedding was to be, while exerting herself to the utmost to take advantage of Mr. Mayhew's evident admiration for herself.

She had the advantage of being at the same hotel with him, and there were tete-a-tetes and saunterings and drives, in which she sometimes encountered Mr. Vaden's family, and even the old gentleman himself.

At first she appeared slightly embarrassed, but after awhile assumed an air of indifference and cool confidence.

For a whole week she did not come near the Vaden house, and when at length she did appear, she and Josie had some words together.

"As an engaged woman," Josie said, "it does strike me that you are a good deal with Mr. Mayhew."

"Engaged people," the widow answered, flushing, "and also people who were never quite engaged, sometimes change their minds. Perhaps I have changed mine; and it may be that your friend, Mr. Mayhew, has changed his."

"What do you mean?" said Josie, excitedly.

"I mean that I was unfortunately mistaken in supposing that I loved your uncle, whom I yet sincerely esteem; and perhaps Mr. Meyhew has made a similar discovery in regard to himself. He respects you very much; but, since it has come to this between us, I may as well, in self-defense, mention that Mr. Mayhew has informed me that he never seriously asked you to marry him, neither has any intention of doing so. He says that what passed between you was an amusement merely, and his heart is another's!"—this with a conscious simper of triumph.

"He did? Oh, the unprincipled wretch!" cried Josie.

The widow rose, as if anxious to escape a scene.

"I came this evening to bid you good-bye, and to request that you will kindly deliver this note to your uncle. I find myself compelled to leave to-morrow early; and an interview with Mr. Vaden is scarcely necessary, and would be painful to both."

She sailed away, and the family, who from the next room had heard it all, saw her joined at the corner of the street by faithless Mayhew.

Uncle Joseph, when he read the note, heaved a long-drawn and ponderous sigh, as though an immense load were thereby taken off his mind. He had not in two months appeared so cheerful as on this evening.

Next day Mr. Mayhew came, bright and eager.

"Did you really propose to her?" was Josie's inquiry, as she rushed to meet him in the hall.

"No. I merely expressed my scruples against proposing to an engaged woman, and she last evening assured me that she was bound by no engagement to Mr. Vaden. And that being the case, my dear Mrs. Bascomb, may I claim my reward?"

"I suppose I shall have to keep my word. You have certainly done us a great service," she replied, with tears in her eyes.

"Then you say yes?" said Josie, eagerly.

"Yes."

He stretched out his hand to blushing Cora, and Tom, spreading both hands above their heads, said, fervently:

"Bless you, my children!"—*Saturday Night.*

Making Oil of Sassafras.

An interesting description is given by Mr. T. C. Harris, of North Carolina, in *Popular Science News*, of the process used in the manufacture of the oil of sassafras and oil of pennyroyal in the old North State. The apparatus used in this work is so exceedingly rude and primitive as to appear ridiculous to most observers. The still is constructed by digging a short trench in the ground, ending in a low flue or chimney, and over this trench is placed a closed wooden box, having a sheet-iron bottom and an auger hole on top, through which water is poured. An ordinary barrel stands endwise on top of the steambox, and has several holes bored through its bottom and also through the top of the steambox, allowing steam to pass freely up through the barrel. A lute of clay is used to close the joint between the lower end of the barrel and the steambox, as well as the cover of the barrel. Instead of a "worm," a tin pipe immersed in a trough of cold water is used, and a steam connection with the barrel is generally made by an elbow branch of wood, bored out with an auger. The sassafras tree grows abundantly in North Carolina, especially on wornout lands, where it is usually found in dense thickets of small shrubs. The root is dug and washed free of dirt, and after being chopped short and bruised with a hatchet, is ready for the "still." This work is done by boys employed by the manufacturer, who pays a stated price per hundred pounds for the root ready for use.

When the barrel is filled with the roots and the cover made tight with clay the process of distillation goes on rapidly. The steam passes through the mass of bruised roots, and is condensed by the tin tube into a mixture of distilled water and oil, and runs into a glass vessel set to receive it. Being of different densities, the oil and water rapidly settle into two strata, and at once can be decanted from the other.

It is said that the operator of such a "still" can pay all running expenses and make a clear profit of $3 per day. When we consider that the cost of establishing such a "factory" is less than $10 for the entire plant, and no chemical education is necessary on the part of the operator, the profit of the work is not to be despised.

The same outfit is used in the production of oil of pennyroyal, which grows abundantly in the woods in many counties.

Glad She Jilted the Judge.

The famous Police Judge Duffy, of New York city, is generally stern and dignified, but he was completely upset the other day by a remarkable occurrence. It seems that a prisoner in his court offered as bail Mrs. Sarah A. Hall, wife of the music publisher. "Can anyone present identify you?" asked the Judge. "I think you can do that," replied Mrs. Hall, smiling sweetly. Judge Duffy demanded an explanation, whereupon Mrs. Hall told him that when he taught school twenty years ago she was a teacher in the same institution, and that he had then asked her to marry him. There was a giggle in court, and the Judge, making the best of it, said: "And I suppose you are glad that you refused me?" "Very glad, sir," was the startling reply. Judge Duffy hastily accepted the bond and darted out of the court-room without his hat, followed by one of the officers, who carried it to him. The veteran Police Judge was never so badly rattled in all his life, and all New York is laughing at his discomfiture.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MEXICO.

SCENES OF INTEREST AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

Life in the Capital—Moving an Aztec Idol—Famous Popocatapetl With Its Almost Inaccessible Peak of Snow.

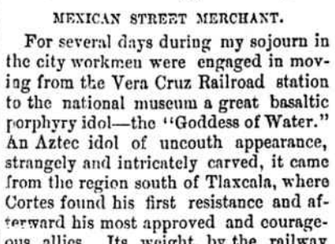
Morning in Mexico is a season of delight. The weather is usually so pleasant and unchangeable that our North American salutation "it's a fine day," is unknown to the Mexican. If such a remark is made he seems surprised and will answer, "one day is like another here, and all days are fine." Even in the rainy season I was told the showers fall at night and the days are clear and unclouded. But the morning has the most enchanting atmosphere; there is a buoyant freshness in the air, the skies are blue, the sunshine delicious, as tempering the chill which is inseparable from night and shade, in the high altitudes of the capital.

Being within the tropics the sun rises and sets at nearly the same hours every day in the year. After sunset it soon becomes dark. The people go to bed early. The pulque shops are closed early by law, and about the only loitering places are the restaurants. There is a prejudice against the night air, and few persons are in the streets after dark, though the city is well lighted by electricity.

The work of street sweeping, which our people are accustomed to do at night, the Mexicans postpone until the fresh and early hours of the morning. It is done with hand brooms by a large force of peons—so thoroughly done that nothing better in the way of clean pavements is to be wished for. Blocks of grayish volcanic rock, cut in large squares and laid diagonally across the carriage way, form the pavement. The same kind of pavement is to be seen in Rome, Naples and in ancient Pompeii. The size of the blocks suggest to the Northern eye danger from breakage, but as the vehicular traffic of the city, though great in volume, is not heavy in weight, the stones remain unimpaired.

MEXICAN STREET MERCHANT.

For several days during my sojourn in the city workmen were engaged in moving from the Vera Cruz Railroad station to the national museum a great basaltic porphyry idol—the "Goddess of Water." An Aztec idol of uncouth appearance, strangely and intricately carved, it came from the region south of Tlaxcala, where Cortes found his first resistance and afterward his most approved and courageous allies. Its weight, by the railway scales, was twenty tons. Boilers, monoliths and ponderous machinery of great weight are moved on trucks by the use of horses without much ado in our Northern cities. In Mexico it was slung as it rested on iron rails from under the axles of a vehicle with wheels ten feet in diameter, and moved slowly by horses and capstans over a railroad track laid down upon the pavement. A guard of soldiers, almost as numerous as the gang of workmen, were observant of the work. The idol advanced about a block a day, and was a fortnight in getting into position. Undoubtedly it is the heaviest object transported through the streets of Mexico since the days before the conquest, when relays of Aztecs, thousands in number, laboriously brought the great calendar or sacrificial stone to the teocalli where Montezuma, and the priests who preceded him, performed the death-dealing rites of their gloomy religion. There are few, very few, manufactories—the bustling, steam propelled, coal-consuming, iron-requiring factories of modern times—in Mexico. There are few of the great wholesale and distributing houses of our commercial cities to fill the streets with numerous vans and loads of merchandise. Neither is the disintegrating element of frost known in the climate; consequently the pavements of Mexico wear well, are smooth and clean.



MOUNT POPOCATAPETL.

Mexico is 7350 feet above the level of the sea. The descent—"bajada"—from the city, as the railroad time-tables put it, that is, to go down toward the coast, either toward the Atlantic on the east, or the Pacific on the west, the circle of volcanic mountains which surround the Valley of Mexico must first be climbed. It is the most remarkable range of volcanoes in the world, forming a rampart on a parallel sixteen miles south of the city.

They are not all in sight from the capital, because Popocatapetl, the highest mountain in Mexico, and Iztaccihuatl, its companion and neighbor, shut out the view. The traveler need not journey far to the eastward before Orizaba, the most symmetrical snow-shrouded cone in the list of mountains, with its crater shining like a star in the night, will be seen towering up in the sky. If he goes westward soon the peak of the volcano of Toluca will present itself, which is united by a chain of smaller volcanoes with Iztaccihuatl and completes the inclosure. It is the strangest sight, this circle of volcanoes, and one that has arrested the attention of physicists and geographers, both before and since the time of Humboldt. Old Vesuvius dominates the horizon of Naples; his smoke drifts over the beautiful bay and city—a landmark visible from a great distance. People go from all parts of the world to see it. The volcanoes within sight of Mexico are more numerous and more remarkable. If they were to go into eruption at one time they would encircle the city with mountains of fire.

On the great plaza of Mexico, between the great cathedral and the national palace, is a monument to Enrico Martinez, the illustrious Mexican cosmographer. On this monument is inscribed the latitude and longitude of the spot and various other measurements, including the very important one which shows the hight of water in Lake Texcoco, nearest the city. Standing beside this monument I at once saw that should the lake submerge the city, of which there is danger, the water would be two or three inches above my head.

The lake is smooth and salty. Bulrushes border its banks and the mountains are reflected on its surface. The train left Mexico early in the morning, the intention being to run down to the tropical region, pass the best portion of the day there and return at night. The railroad people had provided lunch, dining cars being as yet not introduced into Mexico. Everything was at hand except coffee, and this was to be served at Ayotla, a station fifteen miles out. A band of music was on board, consisting of six violins, four guitars, four clarionets, two bass viols and six brass horns. The company disembarked for their coffee and the band played outside the station. The sun was just rising, lighting up the snowy peak of Popocatapetl in the immediate background, the shadows being quite deep upon its western side. The other volcano, Iztaccibuatl, is connected with the greater one, the ridge which unites them being two or three miles long.

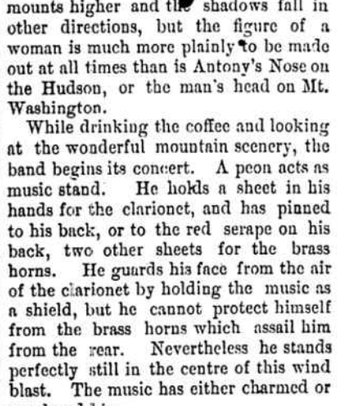
STREET SCENE IN MEXICO.

Iztaccibuatl is an Indian word, meaning "the white lady." At sunrise in the morning the long ridge of the mountain, covered with snow, bears a resemblance to the form of a woman, shrouded in white. The feet are nearest to Popocatapetl, the head farthest away. The resemblance is not so apparent as the sun mounts higher and the shadows fall in other directions, but the figure of a woman is much more plainly to be made out at all times than is Antony's Nose on the Hudson, or the man's head on Mt. Washington.

While drinking the coffee and looking at the wonderful mountain scenery, the band begins its concert. A peon acts as music stand. He holds a sheet in his hands for the clarionet, and has pinned to his back, or to the red serape on his back, two other sheets for the brass horns. He guards his face from the air of the clarionet by holding the music as a shield, but he cannot protect himself from the brass horns which assail him from the rear. Nevertheless he stands perfectly still in the centre of this wind blast. The music has either charmed or paralyzed him.

Popocatapetl—an Aztec word meaning the mountain that smokes—has an elevation of 17,720 feet, or 1945 feet higher than Mt. Blanc, which Byron "crowned monarch of mountains." It has not been in eruption since 1540, twenty years after the conquest by Cortez. A variable column of smoke ascends from it. The entire mountain is owned by a gentleman who resides in the City of Mexico. He derives a revenue from the sulphur mined from the crater, and also from the charcoal which is burned from the wood that grows upon the mountain side, below the snow line.

The ascent is not often made. It is not dangerous, but very cold and disagreeable. To get to the top it is necessary to start the day before and stop over night at the sulphur miner's cabin, just below the snow line. The discomforts of a night here are something that few care to endure, and the climb through the snow up the icy crater next morning is very trying. The atmosphere is thin on account of the enormous elevation, and only strong men can stand it. The sulphur odors have also to be endured, and as a few incline to such hardships, not more than a score of men have stood on the top of Popocatapetl since the day that Diego de Ordaz, under the command of Cortez, made the first ascent in the year 1519. The Emperor, Charles V., allowed Ordaz to use a flaming volcano on his escutcheon. As Cortez says no one could reach the top of the mountain on account of the vast accumulation of snow at that time, it is probable that Ordez boasted of something he did not perform. In that case the brothers Frederick and William Glennie, who climbed it in 1827, are the first who should be credited with having reached the summit.



THE CHURCH OF AMECAMECA.

All who undertake to go up the mountain first get a permit from the owner and an order to his sulphur miners to render assistance. Then they go by railroad to Amecameca, twenty-five miles or so from Mexico, and there equip themselves with extra clothing, ponies, etc., and begin the wearisome ascent. At this beautiful village at the foot of the mountain there is a lofty rock or hill, sacred by ancient tradition, on whose top is a church. Many people make pilgrimages to this church at Amecameca.

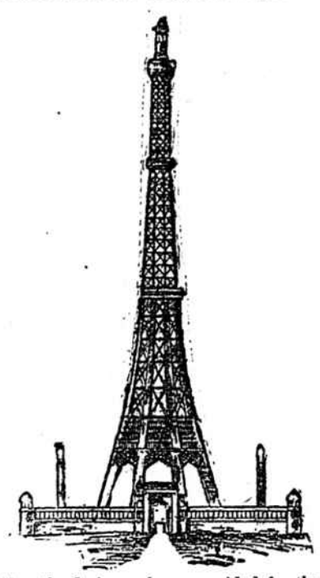
We do not stop there except to take more coffee and look at the mountains from a new and nearer point of view. In the fields, rich with a dark, volcanic soil, the bare legged peons are plowing. The plow is a stick set into a heavy beam. Horses and oxen pull it. It is an antiquated sort of plow, such as Abraham might have used in the days when he was the most advanced farmer of the world. Those who have seen Egypt say the scene reminds them of that ancient land. It has a strange look. The fields are full of peons cultivating the ground, and the vegetation might very well be Egyptian. The peons are good workmen. They lose no time in soldiering; their motions are quick, and their industry keeps them in ceaseless activity.

The sunshine burns us, and yet a little way above us is the land which touches the shivering region. About one-third of Popocatapetl, measuring from the top, is covered with snow. That is to say, there is a band of snow about the giant's cone that is fully a mile wide. A Mexican gentlemen tells me that it is 500 feet deep in the barrancas and hardly less than 100 feet deep anywhere except on the southern side.

White summer clouds come drifting up toward the peak. Where the sun strikes upon the clouds they show whiter than the snow. The lowest of these clouds is more than two miles below its crest; occasionally a light one ascends near to the top. The snow is more permanently white than the clouds with a tinge of indigo to its whiteness. As noon comes on the clouds disappear, and the glare of the sun on the mountain top becomes stronger.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It Will Eclipse the Eiffel Tower.

London is to have a tower higher than the one at the Paris exposition that attracted so much attention and to rival which has been one of the ambitions of Americans who are especially interested in the Columbian exposition. The London tower, which is to be erected by the Watkin Tower Company a mile or two north of St. John's Wood, is to be 1200 feet in height, and to be constructed of steel. Four lifts and two staircases are provided, situated in the legs of the tower, which rise to the principal stage at a height of 200 feet above the ground.



Here the designers have provided for the benefit of visitors a large area consisting of a great central hall, which under able management would prove one of the special attractions of the tower. The hall would be of an octagonal form, 20,000 feet area and sixty feet high, the spaces between the eight legs of the tower at the angles of the octagon forming eight recesses for restaurants, management rooms, etc. Over the recesses, and clustered round the central hall, the authors suggest the construction of a hotel, of ninety bed-rooms, with all necessary baths and other accommodation. As the special features which the hotel could offer would be the advantages of pure air, sun-light and open prospects, the whole of the bed-rooms have been placed on the external faces of the tower, The restaurants on the main platform would provide dining accommodation, one being especially set apart for the use of residents, and the kitchens would be arranged on the mezzanines over the serving-rooms attached to the restaurants. —*Chicago News.*

A Snake With Legs.

Dan Hendricks, living near Viola, Iowa, killed a two-legged rattlesnake the other day. It was three feet long, and had two legs two inches in length, placed about six inches below the head. When first seen it was walking on the legs, wriggling the lower portion of its body. It had five rattles.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

VOICES IN THE AIR.

There are voices in the air,
Everywhere.
Some predicting fortunes fair,
Some whispering ruth, some prayer,
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere.
They come to me in the night,
And my timid soul affright,
Or they greet me when I rise,
And dispel my tears and sighs.
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere.
They soothe my soul to rest,
And they tear my tortured breast,
Of faith and hope they sing,
And they kill the rays that spring.
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

There are voices in the air
Everywhere.
They come from the spirit-land,
Friends and foes on every hand,
And they torture or they bless,
Bringing comfort or distress.
There are voices in the air
Everywhere.

PITH AND POINT.

An utter failure—Stammering.

A pair of dumb belles—Two sleeping beauties.

A suit for damages—The one Johnnie wears on week days.—*Puck.*

The old mare speaks to her colt in a horse whisper.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Four rods make one rood, but one rod can take the rudeness out of quite a number.—*Binghamton Leader.*

When a man forgets himself he usually does something that makes others remember him.—*Atchison Globe.*

This world is all a fleeting show,
And soon grim death will jerk us
But let's be happy as we go,
And all enjoy the circus.
—*Albany (Ga.) News.*

"Gold will procure most of the luxuries," said the hardware man, "but it takes iron for the staples."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Say, Jack! I'll give you a fiver if you'll answer a simple question right." "Done." "Lend me a tenner, will you!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Hanging a handle to his name gives the impecunious foreigner a much better chance of being picked up by society.—*Terre Haute Express.*

"She jilted me for that fellow Jim when we were three days out from Liverpool." "Threw you overboard in mid-ocean! Barbarous!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

At home a room divided them,
So timid then was Ella;
But on the sand they sit—ahem!
Quite hid by one umbrella.
—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

Miss Plaingirl—"I sometimes fear that he doesn't love me; yet he kissed me last night." Miss Prettypert—"Then you may rest assured that he loves you."—*New York Sun.*

Wickers—"They tell me, Professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues." Professor Polyglot—"All but two—my wife's and her mother's."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Some go to the seashore and some to the mountains,
Some go to the valley and some to the bay,
Some go to the woodland, some to the prairie,
To eat fish and oatmeal at $4.50 a day.
—*Statesman.*

There are fears that the cracker trust may have a disastrous effect on clam chowder. It has been the custom for some years to serve that dish minus clams. What will it be without crackers?—*Boston Traveler.*

Pastor—"I should like to see you taking a more active interest in religious things, Miss Bessie." Miss Bessie—"I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do, Mr. Goodman. I couldn't be spared from the choir."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Senior Partner—"What did that young man want?" Junior—"He has just been graduated from Harvard, and came in to see if we didn't want to take him into the concern. He said he'd work a year without having his name on the sign."—*New York Sun.*

First Paris Artist—"Vy you put zat salt in ze paint?" Second Artist—"Eet is for a marine picture. I make ze paint salt; zen when ze English put zair fingers on ze water and afterward put zair fingers to zair lips, zay say, 'Eet is wonderful! Ve almost taste ze salt of ze ocean.' Zen zay buy."—*London Tit-Bits.*

The Pittsburg *Leader* says that a far-sighted miss of fourteen summers has determined to marry a big man for her first husband and a little one for the second, so that she can cut the clothes of the first down and make them over for his successor. Thus the hard times force home lessons of rigid economy and practical sense upon tender childhood.

Fritz comes from school, takes his exercise-books, and writes very busily. Mamma (delighted)—"That is the right way to do, my boy; that is the way to get good marks. What exercise are you writing?" "The teacher said we must all learn this poem thoroughly by to-morrow morning or we should have to copy it, so I thought it would be better to write it to-night."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Electricity Applied to the Dairy.

A foreign paper calls attention to an interesting application of electricity to the dairy interest that has been made in Italy. The Count of Assata, whose buildings are fitted up with the electric light, has connected his dairy plant with an electric motor of twelve horse-power. This machine drives a Danish separator and a Danish churn of the capacity of 400 litres of cream, churning being conducted at the rate of 120 to 160 revolutions per minute, the butter being brought in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, in fine grains, which, it is now recognized, enables the maker to produce the finest article. A pump is also worked in the dairy.